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In Memoriam

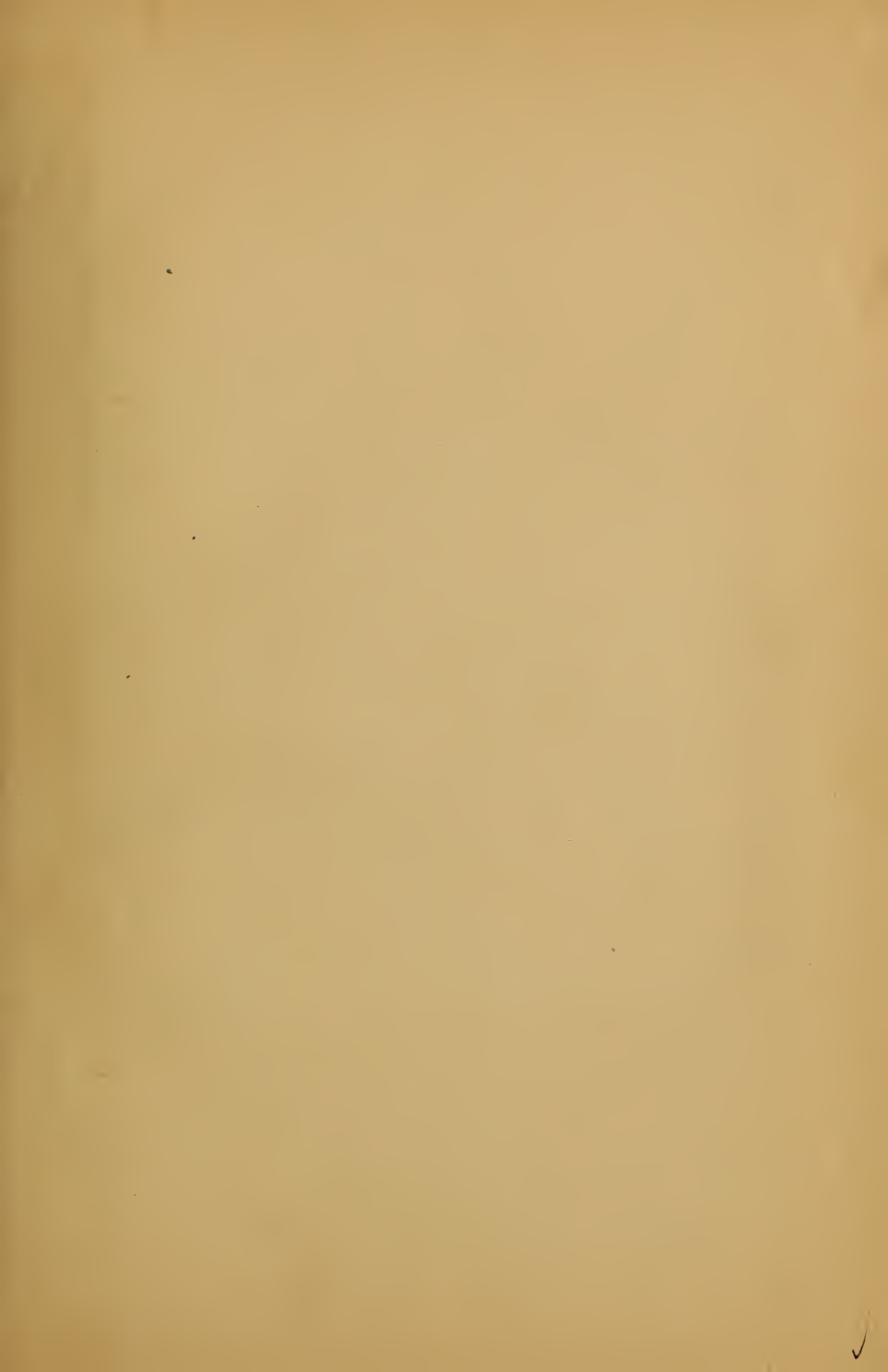
Marietta Kies



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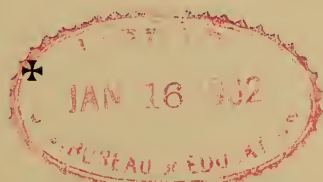
MARIETTA KIES.

When a teacher at Mt. Holyoke, 1887.

✓  
In Memoriam

Marietta Kies, A. M., Ph. D.

December 31, 1853 — July 20, 1899



"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit these things."

S. Sherburne Mathews, comp.



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"The Church in its historic institutional life has been of great influence in making and remaking all kinds of customs in all phases of life. And while ethics should not consider the Church from the standpoint of historical and doctrinal Theology, yet it should examine the principles and customs of the Church along with the other institutions of society from the standpoint of Reason. What can be the reason for the silence of evolutionary ethics upon an institution so important from its nature and from its historical significance? If there is little room for a personal God in evolutionary ethics and less acknowledgment of the existence of freedom and immortality, then, although there may be such a basis, a possibility in the individual life for the exemplification of the cardinal virtues, temperance, justice, prudence, and fortitude, yet faith, hope, and charity have no meaning in such a system."—*Dr. Marietta Kies in "Institutional Ethics," page xiii.*

"Love to others, or an altruism that implies both the giving and the receiving, is the fundamental principle of the ethical side of the Church, and pre-eminently of the Christian Church."—*Ibid., page xiv.*

"While theology is more directly concerned with the historical and doctrinal phases of the Church, the ethics of the Church has for its province a consideration of the scope of the Golden Rule as a precept for action, both in the development of the Church as an institution, and also in the relation of the Church to society; this includes an investigation of the various forms of Church organization to see if these exemplify the highest ethical principle—the Golden Rule."—*Ibid., page xiv.*



## Preface



I have been asked to write a few words of preface to this volume, and to give, over my signature, my impressions regarding the personality and career of the gifted young woman to whose memory this book is dedicated.

Miss Marietta Kies, while engaged in teaching philosophy in Mount Holyoke Seminary, often conferred with me regarding points in philosophy relating to such important questions as the personality of God, the immortality of the human soul, and the freedom of the will.

I found her deeply earnest and persistent in the study of these questions. To her earnestness is due the fact that she made rapid progress in understanding the most subtle arguments on these themes, and I found from year to year that she grew in ability to see at a glance the trend or bearing of an abstract thought. I was highly gratified at the ability which she showed in compiling from my own writings a number of discussions which she succeeded in arranging in a systematic form. I thought that she comprehended the thought which I had tried to express completely. Naturally after this propædæutic or elementary study in my own writings I expected that she

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would herself pursue the mastery of the great thinkers, such as Plato and Aristotle, Kant and Hegel, as well as select some line of original work in philosophy. In this I was not disappointed, for I had opportunity to observe that she gained in her ability to understand the deepest thinkers of the world, and that she finally produced a book of the first order on the subject of institutional ethics containing profound original thinking and thoughts which throw great light upon topics in sociology.

I consider her death a great loss to American philosophy, and hoped from the first that those friends of hers who are well acquainted with her private life of struggle and victory would write out their reminiscences, so that other aspiring youth in our country may profit by her life journey, brief though it was.

We have very many people who are eminent for piety of the heart, and perhaps quite as large a number in New England are eminent for piety of the will, but we have very few who are eminent for piety of the intellect. Miss Marietta Kies was eminent for piety of the intellect. Piety of the heart consists in love of God and of Divine things. Such love may exist in the heart without any special tendency to act in behalf of Divine things or to think and understand Divine things. Piety of the will consists in the habit of doing good, the habit of acting in such a way as to further the cause of righteousness and goodness in the world. Persons with piety of the heart

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and without piety of the will may admire the good and have a genuine affection for it, but do not act to further the cause of righteousness and goodness because of some defect in the will. On the other hand there are many people who do not seem to have much piety of the heart ; that is, they do not seem to love their fellow-men as brethren, and yet they are always doing good and increasing righteousness and goodness. These persons sometimes lack sentiment very much but they abound in good works although harsh and crusty in their manner. But while they have piety of the will they may lack piety of the intellect as well as piety of the heart. They may in fact have no insight whatever into the historical movements of their time, the social and political changes which are making possible the realization of righteousness and goodness in the world. They may disbelieve in newspapers and schools and railroads. They may be timid with regard to the cultivation of the intellect and the study of natural science. But the one who has piety of the intellect sees the relation of all the great intellectual and social movements of his time, and easily discerns the hand of Providence in the progress of the age. The piety of the intellect loves enlightenment and takes great pleasure in discovering some new view which shows Divine reason operating in some province that before looked dark and unfavorable to religion and morals. Miss Kies was a rare person in this matter of the piety of the intellect.

"No principle less than the Golden Rule is comprehensive enough to express the faith, hope, and love of the human soul. Love, as representing the celestial virtues, is an emotion sufficient to prompt the exercise of all the cardinal virtues, but the cardinal virtues do not necessarily include the celestial.

"Faith, hope, and love in man reveal the fundamental thought of the universe. The explanation of their nature involves the explanation of all the thought of relationship to God."—*"Institutional Ethics," page 50.*

"God the Father, in His own self-creation, creates also the Son, an eternal process of giving up self; so that the Son, in the recognition of His perfection and of His derivation from the Father, creates the Third Person, the Holy Spirit, manifested and revealed in the world of finite beings. This evolution of finite beings can be studied historically only as it has taken place upon our planet, the earth; but 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.'

"Philosophical thought sees the necessity of evolution as a process of self-creation that is fundamental to the stage of 'scientific evolution'; for God is a Spirit, a Personality, and no theory of 'life evolution' alone can account for 'spirit evolution.' And the divine altruism, made evident from the beginning in the creative process, is revealed in and through the thought and will of human beings in their attempts to secure their own self-development in the exercise of this same principle, the altruistic."—*Ibid., pages 50, 51.*



Probably when teaching in Brooklyn, 1879.

When a pupil at Mt. Holyoke,  
about 1881.

While teaching at  
Mt. Holyoke, about 1887.

MARIETTA KIES.







## Memorial Sermon



"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them."—REV. XIV. 13.

The most remarkable production of Windham County, historically speaking, is *men*.

Those Revolutionary patriots—Jonathan Trumbull ("Uncle Sam") and brave Israel Putnam—stand for a multitude of strong men and women, no less wise and heroic, who have gone out from the limits of this county to do grand service for God and humanity: eminent jurists, distinguished educators, editors and publishers, eminent ministers, famous missionaries, great merchants, gifted artists, successful bankers and great financiers. Such names as those of Carpenter, Bond, Harris, Bowen, Hutchins, Howland, Tiffany, Danielson, Davis, General Lyon and others—not to mention younger men whose gifts and industry will soon be widely known—stand for quite a multitude whose honorable careers should occasion a just pride in, and whose names may well be cherished by, those of us who in our lesser spheres where God has placed us are seeking to benefit the world and to bring in that reign of truth and righteousness which is the kingdom of God in the earth.

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I have set for myself this morning the attractive task of speaking of the career of one whose name should in common justice be written among the very highest upon this scroll of honor—and this whether regarded from a merely intellectual standpoint, or as one who by an exercise of sovereign choice made her own destiny, and fairly wrenched marked prosperity, truest thrift, and the most real success from a singularly unfriendly environment.

And yet I wish it distinctly understood at the outset that I am not to attempt this morning to speak adequately of this remarkable woman in whose memory we are now met.

The regrettable fact that it was never my privilege to know her in life, or even to look upon her face till it lay white and cold in her casket, would of itself render me incompetent for such a task. I do wish, however, as her pastor, as pastor of the church which she dearly loved, and of which she has been so signally faithful and beloved a member, to lay my simple tribute of respectful admiration and sacred affection upon the spot where her dust now fittingly rests, and where her memory is so tenderly cherished.

In the nature of the case there are many things about her which one who never saw her cannot know; many delicate traits of character which would reveal themselves only to her most intimate friends. Yet after a

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Careful study of all her published works, and many interviews with those whom for many years she had counted her nearest and dearest friends, and after supplementing these interviews with a somewhat extended correspondence, it has seemed to me that as her pastor I might without impropriety call attention to certain qualities in her character, and to certain achievements in her career, which have excited my own profound admiration; and to point out certain lessons for the young and others which have been forced upon me as I have studied the career of this singularly gifted woman who so lately rested from her labors, while her works do follow her.

Marietta Kies was born Dec. 31, 1853, in an old-fashioned farmhouse, upon a rugged farm in that portion of the town of Killingly, Conn. (in which the beautiful borough of Danielson lies), known, from the adjacent rugged hill, as the Mashentuck District. The name Keyes, afterward spelled Kies, appears in the county from almost the earliest times. As far back as 1722 Elias Keyes bought land in the town of Ashford from James Corbin, one of the original settlers of "New Roxbury" (now Woodstock), from Roxbury, Mass. Twelve years later this same Elias Keyes was appointed a member of a committee of nine "to hire three school dames" to teach in the three school districts of Ashford, in the place of the one schoolmaster who had previously taught

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the only school in the town. Nineteen years later, Sept. 22, 1753, John Kies was one of twenty-four citizens who signed a petition to the Assembly for permission to organize a new church in the town of Ashford, whose creed and government should be more strictly in accord with the New Testament teachings than the petitioners felt the existing High Calvinistic "consociated" church was. A certain Miss Mary Kies, of South Killingly, an ancestor of Marietta, invented a process of weaving silk or cotton and straw into a textile much used for a time for woman's wear, and received for it the first patent ever issued by the United States Government to a woman.

The parents of Professor Kies were William Knight Kies and Mrs. Miranda (Young) Kies. Her father had a brother, Rev. Henry Kies (Amherst about 1850), a Congregational minister, who went West many years ago and met an early death in Iowa. A sister of her father was Miss Mary Ann, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke, and a woman of considerable scholarship and of great force of character. Her grandmother on the father's side, Mrs. Freeloove (Buck) Kies, is said to have been a woman of excellent natural gifts. She passed out of life only two years ago at the ripe age of ninety-one years.

A cousin of Miss Kies on her mother's side was the late Rev. Henry Francis Hyde, Amherst 1860, Hartford Theological Seminary 1863, formerly a member of this

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church, for many years, till his death, a trustee of Hartford Theological Seminary, and for a time instructor in theology there, dying in the pastorate of the Union Congregational church of Rockville, this State, May 28, 1880. A memorial volume of him is published.

Marietta was the second of five children—all daughters. One of these sisters died a few years since. The remaining three, now Mrs. Theodore Stearns, Mrs. Walter F. Burton and Mrs. W. N. Arnold—herself a teacher before her marriage—still live among us. Her father, reputed a man of considerable original intellectual gifts, went out of life Feb. 10, 1890, at the age of sixty-six.

The children in a family of seven whose living must be gotten out of the limited acres of a rocky New England farm, whose soil is mainly gravel with a surface of rocks, are likely to have to devote themselves to something beside “fancy-work,” even with the most thrifty parents. This was true in the case of Marietta and her sisters.

The story of her life is quickly told.

From earliest childhood she became increasingly and experimentally familiar with all kinds of work done upon a farm, in doors and out. In 1868 this girl of fourteen, who had often been reproved because from her early childhood she “always had a book in her hand” whenever wanted, herself began to teach the district school in her own district of Mashentuck. Previous to this time,



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like Lucy Larcom of Lowell, she had worked in a mill near by. The money thus earned from time to time by working or teaching she used as an aid to further education.

A little later, through the kindness of friends, she spent a year at Hillsdale, Michigan, where the somewhat remote possibility of a collegiate course in the Free Will Baptist institution located there loomed alluringly up before her.

This interesting year in that region, with the severe application to study which it witnessed, affected even her rugged constitution, so that at its close a severe malarial attack drove her eastward again. About this time (possibly earlier) she taught a year in Killingly, Conn. In 1873-74 she was in the High School at Danielson, though unable to remain until graduation. While in this school she was both pupil and teacher. She is said to have gratefully cherished through life the name of Mr. Sidney B. Frost, then Principal of the High School, for the kindness and devotion with which he directed her studies in private and gave her encouragement at this critical time in her history. During a portion of this period she made her home with Miss Mary Dexter, between herself and whom an intimate friendship sprang up which only strengthened with subsequent years—some of her latest letters being to this devoted friend.

In the fall of 1878 her long-cherished hope was gratified, and she found herself actually a pupil at the famous "Mary Lyon's School," at South Hadley, Mass.

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By such strict economy as may better be imagined than described, she managed to enjoy this mental feast through one school year, at the close of which it became necessary to remain out a year to earn money for the expenses of another period of study. Thus in 1879-80 she taught in Brooklyn, Conn., returning to Mt. Holyoke for 1880-81.

Such was the application of Miss Kies at Mt. Holyoke that she completed the four years' course in two, and graduated in 1881 at the head of her class—its President.

A portion of the first year after her graduation she spent in the service of her Alma Mater as instructor in Higher Mathematics and Geology. In the latter part of this year—that is, in the spring of 1882—she became Principal's Assistant at Putnam, Conn., some eight miles from her birthplace. Here she continued through the school year 1882-83. She came to Putnam needing money to complete the payment for the comfortable cottage which she had lately built as a home for her father and mother, whose farm shortly before that had suddenly been sold.

Released by a considerate committee from completing her two years' engagement at Putnam, she accepted in 1883 a call to Colorado College as instructor in Latin and Mathematics. Here she remained two years, till in 1885 she returned to Mt. Holyoke Seminary, where for

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six years she was instructor in Psychology and Ethics, and for a portion of the time acted as Seminary Principal.

Her call to Mt. Holyoke contained permission to take three months for special preparation for her work. It was just at this juncture that, by a combination of circumstances which she ever regarded as providential, she was able to avail herself of the private and friendly instruction of the eminent philosopher Dr. W. T. Harris, then a lecturer at South Hadley, with results which appear in all her published work.

From this moment till her death the name of this famous and kind-hearted thinker was gratefully cherished by her. It was with great joy that later, by visits to Concord and otherwise, she availed herself of his direction and aid in still further study.

Perhaps the very brokenness of the preparation of Miss Kies for a broad and thorough scholarship made her the more anxious to undergo such tests as might be necessary to entitle her to a formal degree from some first-class institution.

In 1888-89, while still teaching at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, she made an ingenious compilation from the widely scattered writings of Dr. Harris, which later she completed and presented as a thesis at the University of Michigan, thereby winning from that institution in 1891, in addition to an M.A. already received, a Master's degree in Philosophy—having been granted three months'



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absence from South Hadley for the purpose. This thesis she afterward used in teaching her own classes, for whom it really had been largely prepared, and in 1889 it was published by the Appletons as an *Introduction to the Study of Philosophy*—a volume of nearly three hundred pages, which called out high encomiums from eminent critics, one of whom, expressing the substance of many, pronounced the “work so well done as to render the labor of the compiler hardly second in value to that of the author.”

Anxious to do still better work and eager for still further evidences of thorough equipment, she was wisely granted three other quarter-year periods in as many consecutive years for residence at Ann Arbor, during which time she won and received, in 1891, the first degree of Doctor of Philosophy ever conferred by the University of Michigan upon a woman.

In 1891–92 she occupied the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Mills College, at Oakland, Cal., to accept which position she resigned her instructorship at Mt. Holyoke. In 1892, soon after going to Mills College, the thesis which had won her Ph.D. at the University of Michigan the year before was published by the Register Publishing Co., Ann Arbor, under the title, *The Ethical Principle* (pp. 131).

1892–93 she spent in study at the Universities of Leipzig and Zurich. Her readiness ever to do “the next

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thing," whether most to her taste or not, is illustrated by the fact that upon her return from Europe she followed a brief period of teaching in a private school for girls at Pittsfield, Mass., by the acceptance of the Principalship of a large and difficult High School at Plymouth, that State.

This work was not without its appeal to the heroic in her,—an appeal to which she ever responded.

Here with marked success and real enjoyment she continued till a heavy cold contracted in that notoriously trying climate marked the commencement of that dread disease which has been called "New England's curse"; a disease toward which there were hereditary tendencies on her father's side, which insidious disease never failed to gnaw at her vitals till the inevitable end.

While resident at Plymouth she brought out in 1894 her third work, *Institutional Ethics*, published by Allyn & Bacon, Boston (pp. 273).

In 1896, by the orders of her physician, and possessed of a cough which alarmed her thoughtful friends—but not her—she resigned the Plymouth position to accept the chair of English Literature in Butler College, University of Indiana. Here in steadily failing health—as is now remembered—she taught for three years, till Thursday the 22d of June last.

Forced at length to recognize the presence of some serious peril to her health, she had accepted the kind and generous invitation of her valued relatives and friends,

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Mr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Davis, to spend the summer in their beautiful home in Pueblo, Col., in the hope that the life-giving ozone of that far-famed region might rebuild her shattered constitution.

Here surrounded by every material comfort that devoted hearts could lavish upon her, having with characteristic thoughtfulness made her will and settled her earthly affairs as far as possible two days previously, she passed peacefully away on Thursday, the 20th of July, 1899.

In studying the life of Dr. Kies we see that hers was

#### A MANY-SIDED LIFE.

It is interesting to note that *she possessed an attractively healthy and strong body*. Her family physician and long-time friend, Dr. Rienzi Robinson, says that it had often seemed to him that her physique was as near absolute perfection as could well be conceived. She was a great walker and fond of out-of-door games. She was almost an expert golf player as many as six or more years ago, before that delightful, reasonable and profitable game reached its present high state of popularity.

The place which physical health occupied in her own thought is well shown by the following statement in her book entitled *Institutional Ethics*: "The culture of the body goes alongside the culture of the mind. The ideal does not demand the exercise of the gymnasium as an end in itself, that the body may receive the complete develop-

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ment demanded by Greek Art, nor the athletic strength that the championship of baseball, football, or boat race demands, but such physical culture as produces a sound body, that thereby greater physical and mental strength may be expended for the good of society."

Hers seems to have been what is sometimes called "a very solid" makeup, since without seeming too tall or "stout" she yet weighed in health a hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois.

Her physical beauty was heightened not only by the kindly spirit which looked out through her deep brown eyes, but by a wealth of hair coiled upon her finely shaped head—the beautiful tresses of which when uncoiled fell below her knees as she stood.

"I well remember our friend when she came to us in the autumn of 1883. The beautiful head of golden-brown hair, the expressive brown eyes, the clear-cut features, the gentle, dignified bearing, made an impression pleasant to recall," writes Prof. Mary F. Hatch, of Colorado University. She must have possessed not only a fine figure but that indefinable something which is vastly beyond mere physique, that combination of mind and matter known as "a fine presence." One of many published notices of her public addresses upon various themes preserved by her relatives or friends refers to her as "a lady of attractive appearance, culture, fine scholarly attainments, and the best literary and social tastes."

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On another occasion an account of a great gathering, before which she was to read a paper on "The Ethical Principle in the Industrial Relation," states: "Then a handsome woman was introduced as Miss Marietta Kies. She is far from what one would expect a female professor to be. She was attractively dressed in a neat brown street-dress, and the delivery of her paper was pleasing"! One gifted woman friend who had known her for many years says that often as Miss Kies would be leaving her, after some casual conversation, she would be conscious of the thought, "What a queenly woman goes there!"

"Therefore I wish that she may safely keep  
This womanhood, and change not, only grow :  
From maid to matron. Youth to age may creep,  
And a perennial blessedness still reap  
On every hand of that which she doth sow."

*This "handsome woman" possessed intellectual acumen to an extraordinary degree.* Hers was a healthy body possessed and controlled by a healthy mind.

Her very versatility was an illustration of her acute intellect. With what apparent ease she passed from the teaching of languages, living or dead, to mathematics or literature, rhetoric or political economy, philosophy or oratory! In them all the brilliancy of her mind shone forth.

"I remember the joy with which she grasped Dr. Harris's interpretation of the syllogism, and the gladness with which, even at the cost of sleep, she reached the



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answer to some perplexing question," writes an old Mt. Holyoke friend.

It is well known that her favorite study was philosophy. It was as if to her thought philosophy was the grand solvent for nearly all the ills of life. "Philosophy," writes this girl who used to plow and to plant and dig potatoes in the rugged district of Mashentuck, "philosophy gives to the student an interpretation and explanation of the phases of existence which render even ordinary affairs of life in accordance with reason; for the higher spiritual phases of life it has the power of an illumination."\*

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\*"In spite of the seeming instability of the inorganic world, as seen from the second stage of thinking, the many unsuccessful attempts to understand all the processes of nature, the mass of heterogeneous opinions concerning the nature and object of the existence of man, and concerning the meaning of his historical development and the seemingly contradictory theories and schemes for the future improvement of the human race,—in spite of all this, rational insight knows that there is a true world-order; that this order is established upon the eternal principles of justice and grace; that in the great diversity there is unity, there is a purpose, and that pure and noble thoughts and actions contribute to the fulfillment of that purpose; and that the highest vocation of man must include love and reverence for God and love and helpfulness to humanity.

"As the true organic unity is seen, that is, the possible union of thoughts, feelings and purposes of all human hearts, there is a basis for rational action; for action that shall, in directly improving a part of the organism, at least not destroy the well being of any part. The person whose underlying purpose in all the ways of life is to help and uplift humanity will be filled with heavenly emotions, with 'the love that exalteth and maketh not ashamed.'"—*Institutional Ethics*, page xvi.

"To a comparatively few minds in the history of thought, it has been granted to stand upon the mountain top and to gaze upon truth in its perfection. The thousand eager questionings, 'What is truth?' do not disturb such a mind. Amidst changing opinions and shifting scenes, the eternal truth stands out clear and strong, and begets peace and a calm joy. Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, are names that suggest this philosophic insight in as perfect a degree as the world has yet

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Her intellectual acumen comes to view in all her published works—whether it be that skillful presentation and interpretation of the modified Hegelian philosophy as it appears in the recondite teaching of the distinguished editor of *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, or in *The Ethical Principle*, or in *Institutional Ethics*, in both of which latter she undertakes to expose to view that two-sided fundamental ethical principle which she conceives as embodying within itself both justice and grace, and proceeds to show its application to the Individual, the Family, the School, the State and the Church—as she herself thinks her way along toward that distinctively Christian Socialism for whose prevalence in the earth she earnestly looked and ever prayed.

Of her first published work, *The Introduction to the Study of Philosophy*, the *Public School Journal* of Illinois said in 1890, “No man of modern times has written so plainly and so simply of the most profound things in the universe;” and then adds the significant words, “The rapidly increasing number of young people, and those not

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seen. Each one may strive to grasp the truth as seen by these great minds, and perhaps add new insights to the phases of truth already discovered, and thus be sharers in the same kind of emotions.”—*Idem*, page xvii.

“Since man has before him an ideal of absolute truth, beauty and goodness which he may progressively realize, an evil which annuls the results of previous right thoughts and acts, is a disintegrating force in the individual and in the organic unity, and tends to disorder and ruin. Thus, as sin or selfishness renders impossible the true growth of the individual, so the true substantial freedom, or growth of society, can be realized only as the wills of its members are determining in holiness and righteousness.”—*Idem*, page xix.

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so young, who are looking for some intellectual basis on which to stand, and from which to study their relations to God and to man, will hail with joy this book as a revelation."

*Institutional Ethics* starts with the conception of "the self as a human mind giving a clue to the ultimate principles of the universe in its process of creation and growth." These ultimate principles are two, Justice and Grace. Upon examination these two are found to resolve themselves into a single twofold ethical principle.

"Justice is an exaction of what is due to the self, be it a thing, an animal or a person. Grace is the giving of that which is one's own—the giving of the self for the sake of another."

"These two principles are complementary, the one to the other, in a sense that the processes indicated by them are sufficient in their infinite forms of manifestation when interpreted to offer a reasonable explanation of all phases of existence and life in its various forms of combinations and institutions."

Illustrated in all the inanimate world, "it is in man that we find exemplification and revelation of the principles of justice and grace. As a child, the acts of a child are returned upon him by the will of judicious parents. But as a being who has reached the stage of self-conscious intelligence, there is a continual process of return unto the self. Every thought, feeling and act shall come back



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n its own power, at some time, to contribute to the process of change and degeneration, or to the process of change and growth and development of the individual soul. In this process of self-determination, justice is the fundamental principle. Justice exacts its own. Think, feel, do, and thou shalt receive the like in kind; nothing better, nothing worse. This process is the very basis of individuality; the individuality, the activity, that can never be destroyed."

"What is this process of change? How does man grow? By repetition of the eternal process, by self-sacrifice."

"This process of yielding is the process of making, and man in thus giving up his selfish interests and desires for the interests of others only gives up a phase of finitude, and at each succeeding step enters more and more into the nature of infinite thought and infinite love."

The book is a most interesting effort to show that the application of this twofold ethical principle—which is really the Golden Rule of Jesus—not only to the individual but to the institutions of the family, the state and the church—is the only road to that ultimate perfection toward which the whole creation moves.

Of this *Institutional Ethics* one reviewer wrote: "The book is learned, worthy of Catharine Beecher in her best days,"—that Catharine Beecher of whom her great

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father, Dr. Lyman, used to say that "of all his brainy children he had the most respect for the intellect and opinion of Catharine."

In a letter to me a few days since, one who has long been recognized as one of the very foremost of American philosophers, the present distinguished U. S. Commissioner of Education, Wm. T. Harris, L.L.D., writing from Washington, says: "For some years she devoted her attention to questions of sociology and the philosophy of law. Her published volume resulting from these studies is a valuable work, *one of the most thoughtful in the English language* on that subject."

He then adds the statement that "throughout all her writings she endeavored to find the deepest thought of civilization, the underlying thought of a *Christian civilization*, and I think that her success was remarkable." He expresses his deep regret at her death, and adds, "For many years she has been one of the profoundest thinkers among my acquaintances."

"For of all moral virtues  
She was all  
That ethics speak of virtues cardinal."

*This woman of extraordinary intellect had unusual courage.* This trait was exhibited through all her life. As a girl and later she used often to walk the lonely road, much of the way through houseless woods, two good miles or more, at nine or ten o'clock at night, from Danielson to

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her own home in Mashentuck. Once when a friend protested against her thus exposing herself to peril, she took the matter lightly, and seemed wholly unable to see why she should not thus take the lonely walk when necessary. She seemed utterly devoid of fear. Waking from sound sleep to find the college buildings on fire one bitter winter night, while teaching in Colorado College, she sprang from her bed and ran three blocks in nightdress and bare feet to give the alarm and help save what might be saved.

That this trait was inwrought into the fiber of her mind and soul and was not a mere physical characteristic came to view when, being interfered with because her thought was too broad for the narrow limits prescribed by a certain small but "influential" person connected with one of the institutions in which for a time she taught, she relinquished her professorship (against the protest of the trustees) that she might be free to walk the path of truth wherever God might reveal it to her earnestly seeking soul.

"Thou art the called,  
The rest admitted with thee."

After what has been said one hardly need add that *this courageous woman was also a notably industrious woman.*

The girl who at fourteen years of age was familiar with all kinds of household and farm work, and who is remembered as having always had a book in her hand, illustrated this trait throughout her life. Hard work seemed a law

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of her nature. It is sad to record that she seems never to have learned how really to rest.

In a notable letter from Miss Kies's dear friend, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, shortly after the death we mourn to-day, the writer says: " At the close of the school year, in June, 1898, she decided to spend the vacation here, trying what absolute rest would do. But such rest was not for her; *it was something she knew nothing of by experience*, and so before she began to rest she felt impelled to go to Chicago University and see that great institution and try what the Lake air would do for her. There were lectures, of course, to be attended, and the tired nerves got no relaxation. Then on her return to Irvington, besides the five-mile trips to and from the doctor's, which must have consumed much energy, the fall work was to be mapped out, students were coming for consultation and examination, while one or two asked for special instruction, which was not refused. Herself was her last thought always. The work of the past year was excessive, for, in addition to the regular duties of her department, there were inter-collegiate contests in oratory and debate, and she was one of the Faculty Committee to assist and train young men. The labor thus performed by her would have taxed the energies of a well person; for an invalid it was simply marvelous, and it was suicidal. After a hard day in the class room the hours from four to six were spent in criticising the debates; and every holiday was given up to the

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City Library, seeking authorities and references for the students, so that no stone should be left unturned in the matter of preparing them to cope with their rivals. This was kept up for months, so that social pleasure had to be almost abandoned." "Duty first," she would say.

Mrs. George W. Brown, Superintendent of the College Residence in which Dr. Kies had made her home for two years past, writes: "She was very faithful and did really more than she should, and perhaps more than she would have done had not the Greek Professor been too ill to do his work. In addition to this she had charge of the library work in which she volunteered to help; also took his Sunday-school class of young ladies."

*This industrious woman was a teacher.* I do not mean by this that she "kept school," or heard classes recite or gave lectures. One might do all these and know nothing about teaching. There is evidence that this woman had the pedagogic instinct.

"She was a born teacher, delighting in her work, which was worship to her," writes her friend Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke. "She put into it the very best of which she was capable, and succeeded to an unusual degree in communicating her zeal to the students and arousing their interest. Many of them bear hearty and grateful testimony to her wonderful power as a teacher, and to the personal kindness shown them in the way of help and encouragement outside the class room."



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Prof. Clara Stevens, of Mt. Holyoke College, writes: "As a scholar, Miss Kies was always looking for reasons and principles. A principle once hers was forever hers, and all the experience of life, all theories, all revelations of literature were illuminated by their relation to great principles. She had the keenest intellectual delight in grappling with problems, particularly those of philosophy and ethics. As a teacher Miss Kies was clear, broad, thorough. In the class room she was calm and deliberate, with the calmness of one who had thought out things for herself, and the deliberation of one who meant to help her students to think. She had always the respect and confidence of her students. Her thirty years of teaching, East and West, in the public schools of Connecticut and Massachusetts, at Mt. Holyoke, Colorado Springs, Mills and Butler Colleges, brought her into contact with hundreds of students who will remember with gratitude the strength of her personality, and the earnestness of her teaching."

Her friend and fellow-teacher at Mt. Holyoke and in the University of Indiana, Prof. Flora Bridges, now of Olivet College, writes: "No teacher ever had more loyal students or greater power to set them thinking, and open their eyes to the deep and true things of life. Exceedingly fond of young people and eager to help them, she drew them to her whenever she appeared among them, and at once; but she was at her best in the class room. She had a zeal for teaching beyond anyone I have known."

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Prof. Mary T. Hatch, of Colorado University, writes :  
“ I well remember our friend when she came to us in the autumn of 1883. The beautiful head crowned with its wealth of golden-brown hair, the expressive brown eyes, the clear-cut features, the gentle, dignified bearing made an impression pleasant to recall. Her vigor of intellect, her scholarly attainments, her force of character, her tireless energy, and her executive powers were gradually revealed as circumstances called forth their manifestation. Her work of whatever kind was most faithfully and conscientiously done. Her quiet strength, her cordial friendship, her intelligent and unobtrusive sympathy with student life, won for her in an unusual degree the perfect confidence and love of the young people about her, and it was with genuine regret that they said good-by to her when she left us in June, 1885, to take up other work in the East.”

Prof. Ida G. Galloway, writing from Freeport, Illinois, says: “ My acquaintance with Miss Kies began when, in 1885, I entered Mt. Holyoke Seminary, a homesick freshman far from home; and has continued through the changing relations of pupil, fellow-teacher and friend. Her pupils always began their courses with something of reverential awe for her great ability and well-trained mind, and ended by loving her for the strong, sweet personality which she possessed, and under her guidance the most abstract subject became invested with a living

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interest. I have never seen anywhere more enthusiastic students than those in the old lecture room at Mt. Holyoke, where Miss Kies presided like some gracious spirit, bringing out the over timid, and guiding the over bold into the safe paths of philosophic thought. We thought of her as the grandest possible example of Christian living, so dominated was she by the spirit of justice and love. It was not so much what she knew as what she *was* that made her influence over her pupils so strong for good."

President Butler, of Butler College, University of Indiana, in which she taught the last three years of her life, writes: "As a mental force Miss Kies impressed herself on all with whom she came in contact. Her mind was keen, analytical, philosophical. But there are things in human character that we all hold higher. My relation to Miss Kies during the last few years has enabled me, from daily contact and observation, to judge her character. I found her true, just, generous, courageous, independent. I believe that I have never known any other teacher so thoroughly devoted as she to the faithful performance of duty. Truly these be the things that make for righteousness."

" Struggling souls by thee are lifted,  
Clouds of doubt by thee are rifted,  
Truth and falsehood by thee sifted,  
And the unattained seems nearer,  
And each mystery seemeth clearer."



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*This gifted teacher was a person of sympathy.* Her friend, Mrs. George W. Brown, writes from the University where she last taught: "She was always interested in young people and their work, to encourage and aid them in any way she could. She was always ready to give extra time to any of her students who showed an interest and desire to progress in their work."

"She told us how interested she was in the work and in the young people," writes one to whom she was attempting to defend herself for making such lavish expenditure of energy upon her pupils.

"Intellectual companionship was very necessary to her, and she improved every opportunity of meeting congenial people," writes Miss Galloway again.

Mrs. Clarke, in whose home she lately spent a year, speaks of "her strong and sunny presence." This trait of sympathy comes finely to view when a few days before her death she subjects herself to the perilous strain of writing from her sick bed in Pueblo a sympathetic letter to this same friend, Mrs. Clarke, of whose sudden affliction she had just heard. Speaking of this Mrs. Clarke writes: "She herself wrote, not much, and with a feeble hand. She said she was gaining, but it must be slow, for she was so worn out, and she sympathized with me so sweetly, and with such sincere desire to soothe and comfort." And this is the one now gone from us.

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“ With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand  
She has wandered into an unknown land;  
And left us to dream how very fair  
It needs must be since she lingers there.”

But *this sympathetic woman was a person of reserved manners.* One who was her intimate friend at Mt. Holyoke and her fellow-teacher at Brooklyn, Conn., says: “She was a person of quiet, almost retiring manners, though always having a positive conviction to express upon any subject with which she was familiar when her opinion was asked.” So marked was this modest reserve or shyness that superficial observers sometimes thought her cold. Yet she was not so.

“Like all deep natures it was not easy for her to speak of those things which lay nearest her heart, and only the few who were dearest to her realized fully the depth and strength of her power of affection,” writes her intimate friend, Miss Ida G. Galloway.

“My own friendship for her has continued from that day to this, and has grown stronger with the passing years,” writes Professor Hatch again, of Dr. Kies going to Colorado, in 1883. “We had the pleasure of seeing her here for a few days as she was on her way to California, and, three years ago, I had with her one memorable day by the sea at Plymouth. We hoped to see her here again, and we were shocked and grieved to hear of her sudden death so near us. With her it is well, and that is the only consolation for those who loved her.”

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“Such fine reserve and noble reticence,  
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace  
Of tenderest courtesy.”

“Humility herself, divinely mild,  
Sublime, religious, meek and modest child.”

*This reserved person was a wondrously versatile woman.* She possessed a peculiar power of adapting herself to varying and uncongenial environment. This statement is certainly illustrated in all her life. It used often to be said of her that she could do literally everything that needed to be done upon a farm, but her friend Mrs. Waldo remembers to have heard her say once, “No; there is one thing I cannot do!” It is to be regretted that her friend cannot remember what that one thing was!

But whether guiding a plow, or mowing grass, or raking hay, Maud Muller like, or planting or digging potatoes in old Mashentuck, or engaged in noble public address, or the unexpected victim of a concerted effort by the representatives of a different and antagonistic school, both of philosophy and religion, to confuse and overthrow this lone representative of the modified Hegelian philosophy—as upon a notable occasion described in columns of San Francisco papers of a certain date—or greeting new and shy students, she is always self-poised, dignified, sweet and resolute.

It is emphatically true that *this versatile person was a religious woman.*

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The Epistle of James teaches that true religion is a certain divine life possessing the soul so fully as that it will surely show itself in conduct. "What though a man *say* he have faith, and have not works. Can (that kind of) faith save him?" "Faith without works is dead."

In the white light of such a Scriptural test as this, the religion of Miss Kies but comes out the more vividly. It has been my joy to be told on every hand of her notable faithfulness as a member of the Westfield Congregational Church of Danielson ever since she first began to worship here many years ago. What zeal she has exhibited by her constant attendance upon the various prayer meetings of the church; what memorable prayers are spoken of, offered by her at the missionary meetings of the church; how faithful and effective has she been as a teacher in the Sunday school!

"She has often helped me out by her constant readiness to teach a class, when present," says Superintendent Geo. B. Guild. "All they say about her is true, and more." "She has helped me when in her Sunday-school class," testify one and another man who years ago were taught by her. How much is involved in such constancy as this when home for a brief visit now and then, often surely in weariness and in need of rest! Her religion showed in her *works*, and this wherever she might be. One sometimes hears of those who, though faithful at home, live a more lax religious life when away. Not so with

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this gifted spirit. Mrs. Geo. W. Brown writes: "She was a true, conscientious Christian if there ever was one. She was good to the poor and sick and fallen, and always ready to help them with sympathy and her earnings." She was a *giving* Christian. She believed in and practiced systematic giving.

One of the most interesting of the many tributes that have come to my hand concerning her is an official letter thoughtfully sent by the Missionary Society of the "Christian" Church of Irvington, Ind., that suburb of the beautiful city of Indianapolis to which Butler College recently moved, away from the crowded city. This letter from the hand of the Missionary Society's Secretary, Mrs. P. C. Jacobs, bears witness to this habit of Miss Kies, saying, "Not only was she a help to us by her bright intellect, but she gave liberally," and refers to periodical contributions which she had been accustomed for some years past to make, not only to the regular work of the Society, but also to a certain "Bible College" in connection with Butler College. It also records the interesting circumstances that before leaving for Colorado, she paid her dues (her regular monthly contribution for missionary work), to October, saying she supposed it would be her last missionary money in Irvington for a while.

"I shall always cherish her memory as that of one of the heroes of duty, whom it was my rare good fortune to know, and to call my friend. It was a life given up to



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good works in which was no compromise with wrong doing or equivocation, but only gladness and purity and high endeavor and unflinching devotion. Surely she belonged in the company of

“Glad souls without reproach or thought,  
Who do his will and know it not.”

“Herself was her last thought always.” What wonder that of such a person one should write, as Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke of Irvington does of her, “She was a lovely and gifted spirit, and was a constant help and inspiration to me.”

*This consistent Christian was a woman of affairs*—a thrifty woman. She was strictly honorable, tactful and possessed of business sagacity. One who conducted business affairs for her during a number of years says, “She was a born financier.” Earning her own living, and winning her own way in the world from the time she was fourteen years of age, she lived a life of benevolence, built a house for her father and mother, and at her death left an accumulation of some thousands of dollars for the comfort of those whose names were written on her heart.

Finally, *this woman of affairs was a wondrously persistent woman*. In fact this trait of persistency was one of her most conspicuous characteristics. Mrs. Augustus Bassett says that the well-known intimate friendship of many years duration between her late daughter Annie

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and Miss Kies really sprang from the admiration excited by the notable persistence which the latter exhibited in the face of great obstacles, when as a girl of some sixteen years she came to Attawaugan to teach,—one of the results of which persistence was that she soon became an inmate of their home, and entered upon a friendship which has often brought her back for a visit, even since the lamented death of Miss Bassett. Mr. Lysander Warren relates how when making her home under his roof while teaching close by in District No. 18, this girl in her teens, discovering some Latin text books in his library, seized upon them and during that winter mastered the rudiments of this rather difficult language by herself and with such aid as in the winter evenings this educated farmer afforded her out of the result of his far-away college days. Her family physician and valued friend from girlhood, testifies that of all her traits of character this impressed him the most. This trait was forcefully illustrated in the closing days of her life. Mrs. George W. Brown writes, "You wonder how she taught to the end of the term and then took the long trip to Colorado alone. I can explain it all in one sentence,—it was her *will power* and determination. She closed her college work on Thursday June 22. Friday and Saturday (23d–24th) she spent in overhauling and packing—not only her trunk but certain other things to be sent home. She finished packing Saturday afternoon, but the strain had proved too great for her, and at three o'clock



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on Sunday morning she had a hemorrhage of the lungs, the first she had ever had. With that thoughtfulness of others which seems to have been characteristic of her she suffered alone not calling for help until five o'clock. By this time she seemed to have lost a good deal of blood, but she did not think it serious, and did not seem to be excited or nervous over it. In accordance with the physician's orders and her own desire, she kept perfectly quiet through Sunday, seeing no one save her friend Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, but seemed to rest easily and had a fairly good appetite. Monday morning she had me finish packing her trunk. (She had bought her tickets and attended to all other details on Saturday.)" Despite her exhausted condition "she was determined to carry out her plan for the summer, and to go to Pueblo without further delay, hoping to be soon benefited by the change of climate." Such was the power of mind over matter that "she did not seem so very tired as one would have expected."

Mrs. Edwin W. Davis, the kind and attentive relative and friend under whose hospitable roof Dr. Kies' last days were spent, writes from Pueblo, "It is a wonder to us and to the physician here how it was possible for her to keep up and hear her classes as she did, and then endure her journey here."

Such are some of the prominent characteristics of one woman friend who has lately been called from our church fellowship to Heaven.

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I have spoken long and yet am conscious of having spoken all inadequately. It is difficult to convey an accurate conception of such a character. There is a sense in which a human life is more than the sum of its recognized or recognizable parts. "It was not so much what she knew as what she *was* that made her influence over her pupils so strong for good." That is a suggestive sentence of Miss Galloway's.

Lately I asked several friends who had known Dr. Kies amid varying circumstances for many years what was the thing which impressed them most as they knew her. These friends, ignorant that the question was being asked of more than one, replied as follows: Mr. Lysander Warren said, "her remarkable memory and her persistency"; her family physician, "not her magnificent physique, including her almost perfect health till fatal disease seized her, but her wondrous persistency"; two others said, "her persistency"; two others, "her retiring manner, and her modesty in whatever she undertook"; another, "perhaps her modesty, but I should say *her whole life*. She seemed strong every way. She carefully *planned everything*."

Endowed with such gifts it is hard to believe that she ought to have gone out of life so early. It will seem to many that she ought more carefully to have guarded and conserved for future years the splendid energy which was entrusted to her care. Is there not here a lesson for many? It is certainly pathetic that the voice of one possessed of

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such exceptional physical and mental gifts should be hushed so early. It is hard to see such splendid strength fail. But there came a day when it did fail. Yet it seemed all unexpected to her. So many times she had rallied by sheer force of will that she seemed to think she could do it indefinitely.

In a letter written to Miss Emily Danielson a few days before the end of her last term of teaching, and exactly a month before her death, this courageous and versatile woman, whose splendid energy had so often illustrated itself in accomplishing marvelous things upon the old farm at Mashentuck, as later in both American and European Universities; this remarkable woman whose classroom had been her throne, this "born teacher" writes, in the increasing weakness which had so long been drawing on: "The quiet (of her expected visit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Davis at Pueblo) is just what I need, and after the endless questions which students like to ask, it will be very good to let the tired nerves have time to become invigorated."

What could be more pathetic than for *this* woman—whose chief delight had ever been to incite her pupils to inquire after truth—to be impelled to speak of her "tired nerves," and of "the endless questions" as a burden to her ever willing spirit? Though unconsciously to her it was the prophecy of the hastening end. Upon reaching Pueblo the week following, and being helped up stairs to

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bed, she utters an exclamation of delight at the comfort of her luxurious surroundings, and two weeks later passes to her long rest, asleep in Jesus.

The closing chapter of one of her books is devoted to an elaboration of her conception of the truth about Immortality. To her the very doctrine of evolution, including the conflict involved in the doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest, all pointed one way. She believed that at length when the grand consummation toward which the whole creation moves shall be reached it will appear that *Mind* is the one survivor; that then and only then is it that the real career of the soul begins.

In her *Institutional Ethics* she says, "And since in the very individuality of the person, there is the power to resist the environment, or make it subservient to the self, a capability of persistence under change, and at the same time a capability to so react upon the self that the self is thereby self produced, what is there to indicate that this process of self making ever ceases? And if the individual makes himself, and if there are before him infinite possibilities of development, why do not these very facts presuppose the immortality of the individual, and also presuppose the truth that the history of institutions of society is a record of the beginning of an eternal process of development?"

"The changes produced by the practical application of the ethical principle show a progressive realization, whose

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consummation can only be reached in infinite time. We have seen that justice is the fundamental principle of existence, and that self-sacrifice is, in a complimentary way, the principle of growth. Man makes his own deeds. Since these deeds are the result of a self-constraint of freedom, they react upon the originator. The deeds of an individual come back to him."

Our friend has entered upon the immortal life. A follower of, and a profound believer in, Him who said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life—he that believeth in me shall never die;" who said again, "I go to prepare a place for you that where I am *there* shall ye be also"—a follower of this Jesus who hath brought life and immortality to light for the individual and the race Marietta Kies has gone to her reward.

In a letter to her sister, Mrs. Arnold, shortly before the end she speaks of the belief of some that she could not rally. The substance of the whole letter is that she is willing of course to have God's will done concerning her, but it does not seem to her that her work in the world is done yet, and hence that she shall make a fight for life as she had so often successfully done before.

"Man proposes but God disposes." Yet how often real victory comes through apparent failure! She passed out of the lower into the higher life. Ah sainted friend, we watched with tearful interest thy noble conflict. And how nobly hast thou really won success!



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I think all who have really known this remarkable woman can well adopt the language of her friend Mrs. Clarke, "In looking over the character and career of this dear friend who has gone before us, we see so much to be thankful for, and such prophecy of the unfolding and maturing of great powers that we can only thank God and bow our heads reverently."

Surely while she rests from her labors her works do follow her. A fellow teacher well says,—“She has gone to her reward, after proving most abundantly that life was real and earnest, and in hundreds of loyal hearts there is sorrow, but her life is lived on in the lives of those who were moulded and shaped by her influence.” Thus her works do follow her.

In studying the career of Miss Kies we see how much better is a life of honest toil amid the beauties and health-giving employments of a quiet country home with opportunities for reflection which such a life affords, than is the artificial life of the modern city.

We get a striking view of the dignity and greatness of free agency and the power of a human soul to decide its own destiny. Here is a girl scarcely in her teens who instead of mourning over her unfriendly environment resolves to *make* an environment adapted to her needs. Instead of weeping because she has no money, she proceeds to *earn* money. Thus ever looking far ahead she chooses her goal and gives herself no rest till that goal is reached.

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In a brilliant passage in her *Institutional Ethics* (p. 20) occur these words: "Even the inherent or inherited tendencies cannot determine the life of an individual or of a nation. The activity of the Substantial Will, or thought, can make its own motives." And what is this but the verbal expression of one of the deepest principles by which her own life was ever shaped?

Surely after Marietta Kies has lived her life among us and won her victories, no boy or girl in the Borough of Danielson or the town of Killingly can ever hesitate because of obstacles to determine upon securing a liberal education; no parent can cease to be thankful for the coming of children into the home; no town can fail to rejoice in the privilege of expending money for schools to educate its youth; no church can be unmindful of its young people; no New England community can forget the blessings of true religion.

Reverently and with tears we look into this white face so lately lying in its casket before us, and despite our pain thank God for that which was, which is, and which is to be.

Folded, her hands in silence lie,  
Severed is every earthly tie;  
Lonely my heart breathes out a cry.

Turneth my thoughts to unselfish things,  
She hath found rest from her wanderings—  
Rested, rejoicing she gladly sings.



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Weary in search of knowledge fair,  
Weary of roaming everywhere,  
Weary—yes even her courage rare

Was weary of earthly cares and frets,  
Proudly, she never showed regrets,  
Suffered alone—now she forgets.

God's love like a river swift and strong,  
Her soul on its bosom bears along  
As a bird rests lightly before her song.

Then straight to the throne she takes her flight,  
Reposeful, she rests in God's holy might,  
In the bosom of God she is hidden from sight.

“ And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me,  
Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from  
henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from  
their labours; and their works do follow them.”

"While, to the majority of people, philosophy, art, and poetry are understood; seen, and thought through the medium of greater minds, in the realm of goodness, though perhaps not in the list of the world's heroes and martyrs, it is granted to all to become self-creators. The sympathy that shall go out in loving helpfulness to even the meanest and lowest of humanity shall return to the soul in a holy joy, a blessedness such as only the 'poor in spirit' can receive."—*Institutional Ethics*, page 18.

"Even the inherent or inherited tendencies cannot determine the life of an individual, or of a nation. The activity of a substantial will or thought can make its own motives. Circumstances, ancestry, antecedent thoughts influence, but do not control, the will. While it may take a long time for the formal will to act in a new direction determined upon by the substantial will, yet the energizing of the free substantial will may, in a moment of time, create a thought which may destroy a habit of years' standing."—*Ibid.*, page 20.

"A few decades even show changes in the application of the ethical rule. The 'higher education' of woman shows this process. Largely due to the struggles, trials, and self-sacrifice of a few heroic women in the early part of the present century, the general sentiment of the country and the world is undergoing a change in reference to the intellectual ability of woman. All changes may not indicate ethical progress; but any education for woman, however advanced, that does not change the direction of development of those inherently woman characteristics which have and do bless the world, must be ethical in its tendencies."—*Ibid.*, page 31.

Memorial Address

of

Rev. Wm. T. Patchell

at the

Funeral Service in Pueblo, Colorado

Friday, July 21, 1899

"A sin is the determination to make a lower motive when the possibility of taking a higher is seen. A sin is, therefore, 'a substitution of self for God,' an ignoring of the possibility of realizing more completely the divine ideal. A sinful thought thus becomes a barrier to the reciprocity of divine grace, and the mind voluntarily shuts the avenues of communion, and thus the possibility of receiving divine influence, revealed and transmitted through nature, books, and contact with other human souls. The results of a sin and a vice may be equally destructive to human society, and the effects, as returned from society upon the doer, may be similar; but purity of motives frees the individual from immediate responsibility and from remorse, but not necessarily from regret, for mistakes of judgment in interpreting a given set of social relations and the kinds of acts demanded thereby"—*Institutional Ethics*, page 38.

"Since man has before him an ideal of absolute truth, beauty, and goodness, which he may progressively realize, an evil will which annuls the results of previous right thoughts and acts, is a disintegrating force in the individual and in the organic unity, and tends to disorder and ruin. Thus, as sin or selfishness renders impossible the true growth of the individual, so the true substantial freedom, or growth of society, can be realized only as the wills of its members are determining in holiness and righteousness."—*Ibid.*, page 19.

"The process of change and development going on in all around is seen to be not simply a change from lower to higher, but a change, an eternal process, in which the evolution is not by the unaided power of the lower becoming the higher, but an evolution in which the highest is continually manifested and revealed in all created things from the lowest object up to man. Man, as developing in freedom in the organic unity of society, is seen as an adequate revelation of the Creator."—*Ibid.*, page 13.

## Address by Rev. Wm. T. Patchell.



We are called here together to-day by an impulse that lies deepest in the human heart. Although strangers to each other there is in this occasion that which makes us one. We are in the presence of death,—the death that makes life beautiful and dignified, that spreads its majesty and beauty over all experience and makes us of one kin,—and I am certain that it is in no perfunctory spirit that we gather here to-day.

Our thoughts go out across the wide prairies, across the rivers, across the mountains to that lone mother sitting in sorrow to-day, wondering into whose hands has fallen the care of her loved one. She looks out across the wide distances to the far-distant country, and her heart goes out in deep love and tenderness, in deep anxiety toward this one in whose name we come together to-day. And I am sure that we all together feel that in some measure, at least, we represent this mother and the dear ones left behind. I am sure that we come with this feeling deep in our hearts; that we come in tenderness and gentleness, and in sympathy and in love.

And thus, too, as I read the story of this woman's life, and as I realize that through the long years she has been giving of herself, of her personality, to scores and hun-

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dreds of students who have gone out into life ; who have gone out to live the great life that lay before them, to battle, to conquer, to accomplish ; who have gone out in the strength that she has given them, the strength of her own rare, deep nature,—I feel, too, that we represent them—this great cloud of witnesses into whose lives have gone this life, and who in turn, could they but know that to-day she was here lying in death, would give her their love and their sympathy.

And thus we come feeling deeply and tenderly the great responsibility of the hour, the deep sacredness of it all, and in the sense of human brotherhood that draws us thus close together, we bring for them and this dear one what we have.

It has been my rare pleasure to learn something of this woman's life through the story of the work that she has wrought.

She has published her own works ; she has spoken in the name of one other. The list of her works are "An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy," in which she gathers together the thoughts and scattered writings of Dr. W. T. Harris ; "The Principles of Ethics," her first work ; and "Institutional Ethics," in which she has taken two fundamental thoughts of life, Justice and Charity, and has striven to apply them to the practical affairs of life.

There is nothing in these critiques of her work that is of herself. There is no spoken word of herself, no



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expressed thought; and yet, looking through these critiques, one easily recognizes the spirit that lies behind. One recognizes that in her we come face to face with the very incarnation of the "strenuous life"; one who has lived but for helpfulness; one who has believed in the loftiest things; one who has laid hold of the grandest ideals, and who, not content with this alone, has determined to bring them down and apply them to human life and human experience, determined that the beautiful things of God and His being should find expression in our commoner life.

This was her passion,—to live the truth and beauty of God into human experience. This was her strenuous hope, this her lofty ideal, that she in the fullest possible measure should live out into the world all the truth and beauty that she could apprehend.

Dying at the age of forty-five, we find that for thirty years she has been identified with the higher education of our country as a philosopher, as a teacher; never at all inclined to hide away in the shadows of the study and for herself alone gain the beautiful things, but simply reaching out after these things that she might in turn live them out into life. And who shall say that her life has not been the grandest success of all; for this woman has lived, because she has expressed herself; because she has imposed her personality upon life; because she has thrown herself wholly into the stream of

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life and experience, and has given her all, and in turn she has found herself.

I cannot but recall in thinking of her life that strange piece of statuary found in the Art Institute at Chicago. It is one of French's master-pieces,—a young man standing in the full flush and vigor of his royal manhood. He is a sculptor, and his right hand is raised to strike a blow on the chisel in his left hand, and he is carving out the Sphinx for himself,—for himself in the joy and pride of youth, with all his energy, with all his lofty aspirations, with his determination to carve out the answer, determined to wrest the meaning of life for himself. And, lo, as he thus stands in the midst of his labors a hand is laid upon his shoulder; he turns his head, and it is Death standing, shadowy, mysterious, but not in anger, simply bidding him come. In his eyes are a deep, vague questioning, a moment of great uncertainty, and then there comes to him subtly, strangely, that this is not death, but this is life; that all these strong, beautiful faculties, that all these aspirations, that all these powers are not now to end, but are now really to begin, and so he leaves his work to go up higher.

So, too, it is with this one around whose bier we gather to-day. At the very culmination of her powers, with all her life processes in full operation, in the radiance of the strength of her full womanhood, she was but prepared to live, and her heart was aflame with the desire to live. Her mind teemed with great plans and

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projects, with great, beautiful thoughts and dreams, that she should draw to a concrete issue in life.

And lo, to her the messenger came, but again not in anger. O friends, not in anger was she called away, not that all these beautiful dreams should be quenched, not that these strenuous activities should come to an end; but believing in her God and in her Saviour, believing in her hope for an immortal life, we know to-day that she has been called simply to a higher sphere of usefulness, where all this life shall go on unquenched, finding expression in a fuller measure, even as she has ever longed for it.

And thus to-day, in tenderness and in deep sympathy, we strive to express what is in our hearts, rendering it to the distant mother, to the sisters so far away, to the young people who have gone out into life from this woman, rendering it to God.

"No principle less than the Golden Rule is comprehensive enough to express the faith, hope, and love of the human soul. Love, as representing the celestial virtues, is an emotion sufficient to prompt the exercise of all the cardinal virtues; but the cardinal virtues do not necessarily include the celestial. Faith, hope, and love in man reveal the fundamental thought of the universe. The explanation of their nature involves an explanation of all the thought of relationship to God. . . . But God, the Father, in His own self-creation, creates also the Son, an eternal process of giving up self, so that the Son, in recognition of His perfection and of His derivation from the Father, creates the Third Person, the Holy Spirit, manifested and revealed in the world of finite beings. This evolution of finite beings can be studied historically only as it has taken place upon our planet, the earth; but the 'Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.' . . . But philosophical thought sees the necessity of evolution as a process of self-creation that is fundamental to the stage of 'scientific evolution'; for God is a Spirit, a Personality, and no theory of 'life-evolution' alone can account for 'Spirit-evolution.' And the divine altruism, made evident from the beginning in the creative process, is revealed in and through the thought and will of human beings in their attempts to secure their own self-development in the exercise of this same principle, the altruistic. . . . While the thought is centered in self the pride of such a heart prevents the reception of holy influences, and there can be no giving nor receiving, and such an attitude takes away all possibility of growth."—*Institutional Ethics*, page 51.

## Resolutions of Faculty of Butler College,

UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA, IRVINGTON, IND.



THE faculty of Butler College desires to express to the relatives and friends of Miss Marietta Kies its deep sympathy with them in their sorrow for her death. We wish to speak our appreciation of her and to spread the same upon our minutes. She was a woman of the highest Christian character, a teacher of ability and energy, and as such she won the respect and friendship of those who were associated with her. She was an inspiration to the young women of the college and a constant aid to her students.

OMAR WILSON,  
*Sec. Faculty.*

"The attitude of independence that woman is enabled to hold, because of her educational and industrial emancipation, changes necessarily the relations of husband and wife. . . . Whatever may be the theorizing on the subject, and the fears of the influence of industrial equality and possible ambition for personal aggrandizement on the part of woman, no amount of education will keep a woman from loving the man who approaches her Ideal in his intellectual and spiritual qualities. And a marriage, based upon a corresponding degree of development in the masculine and feminine mind, can but give an opportunity for an exemplification of a higher ethical principle than that based upon obedience and servitude, or upon self-interest and the desire for material prosperity. And if circumstances do not bring together the co-ordinately developed man and woman into the marriage union, the women of education, instead of becoming cross and sour 'old maids,' become important productive factors in the industrial world, and by entering in full sympathy into the varied relations,—industrial, educational, religious, and social,—of society, assist in bringing society to the realization of a higher ideal than would have been possible as uneducated women."—*Institutional Ethics*, pages 83, 84.

"Divine Love as manifested and revealed in the only begotten Son, expressed through the Holy Spirit in the souls of all human beings makes possible the Invisible Church. Whether all souls consciously participate in the thought and activity of this Invisible Church depends upon the attitude and choice of the individual. Every human being by virtue of his birthright is a son of God and has the seal of God's love and mercy, and only as the individual voluntarily places himself in hell, by closing his thoughts and affections to divine influences, does he cease to be a member of the Invisible Church. 'The kingdom of heaven is within you' "—*Ibid.*, page 269.



## Resolutions of the Boston Mt. Holyoke Alumnæ Association.



Miss Marietta Kies died in Pueblo, Colorado, June 20, 1899.

Since God, in his infinite wisdom, has called into the higher life our beloved sister, it is fitting that we place on the records of this Association, of which she was a loved and honored member, some tribute to the noble life whose loss we so deeply mourn. Some have lost a classmate, some a teacher, *all* a friend. For seven years Miss Kies was teacher of Psychology and Ethics at Mt. Holyoke College. Those of us who were under her instruction realize that earth has lost a rare and beautiful soul. With tender gratitude we remember the deep sincerity, the earnest purpose, the clear insight, the breadth of view that characterized her teaching. She taught us the worth of character, the nobility of life, the beauty of right doing. She inspired us with love of truth, justice, and humanity. To her every human soul was a wealth of possibilities, wherein to discover latent powers, and rouse them into activity. Many a life to-day bears the impress of her teaching, and now that she has left us for the higher service let us endeavor to pass on to *others* what she gave to *us*. Thus shall the influence of her noble life go on in ever-widening circles.

WHEREAS, We, the members of this Association, realize the depth of our loss in the removal of our loved and valued associate, be it therefore

*Resolved*, That a copy of this expression of our regard be placed on the records of this society; and be it further

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions, together with our heartfelt sympathies, be sent to the bereaved mother and sister, also *our* sister, in the bonds of Holyoke fellowship.

MARY PERLE ANDERSON,  
*For the Boston Mt. Holyoke Alumnæ Association.*

BOSTON, November 18, 1899.

"The religion established by Christ is essentially an ethical religion."—*Institutional Ethics*, page 257.

"The question of temperance' may also be taken as an illustration. While there is much opportunity for a difference of opinion as to the means that have been used to bring about a higher ideal of what constitutes a subjection of the physical wants to the will, yet no one can doubt but that, on this question, a higher sentiment exists to-day than existed fifty years ago."—*Ibid.*, pages 31, 32.

"But if the tendency of the State is to express more of the altruistic spirit in its laws and the tendency of the Church is to conform more nearly to justice, will the State and the Church of the future show even as diverse aspects as at present? Not that the organization and government of the State and the Church will become identical, but each having its own kind of government, may not the spirit of one so interpenetrate the spirit of the other, that the New Jerusalem, the heavenly city, will be in *form* the Nation of nations, but in *spirit* the City of our God, in which there shall be a consummation and fulfillment of many tendencies that now are seen only in their beginnings? The processes of the development of spirit are slow, but nevertheless sure, and all the institutions of society express and reflect the gradual unfolding of the World-Spirit as it receives its gradual expression in the more complete exemplification of the golden rule given to sinning humanity by a perfect Christ."—*Ibid.*, page 270.

## Marietta Kies, Ph.D.

DIED IN PUEBLO, COL., JULY 20, 1899.



How still and white she lies  
After her journey long,  
Helpless the folded hands  
That once were firm and strong.

Here in her childhood home,  
As seemeth meet and best,  
'Mid scenes she knew and loved  
She comes for dreamless rest.

The fount of knowledge still  
With earnest zeal she sought,  
And of her gain to give  
To others bravely wrought.

Now to a higher school,  
Heaven's university,  
She goes where God, Himself,  
Gives standing and degree.

With thirst for knowledge slaked  
In His unfathomed sea,  
She "knows as she is known"  
Through all eternity.

Over her early grave  
The summer rain shall weep,  
And angels have their charge,  
A "watch and ward" to keep.

C. H. N. THOMAS.

"The Church in its most recent methods of working shows in like manner this spirit of development in the lines of applied Christianity. No longer bound by certain prescribed rules for the way of using 'God's House,' the Church applies practically in the nature of its gatherings the principles of social and Christian unity. 'Conversion' is no longer regarded as the only act necessary. 'Growth in grace and in the knowledge of divine truth' wherever found is now considered the continuance of the first important step of a new and higher life. Degraded tastes, appetites and tendencies must be made over, and the process demands time, and to meet these necessities of weak human nature the Church has come to acknowledge that the process of growth may demand various steps. . . . The children and young people must be given something of an entertaining and profitable character to do, or idle hours and repressive restrictions will result in vicious acts and habits. The Church has learned that the Puritan ideas of long sermons and few relaxations from stern and strict surveillance do not fit so well the changed thought and customs of a time of comparative material prosperity and leisure from arduous toil as they did in the early days of our country; and it has learned that, unless the Church encourages the establishment of means for the harmless gratification of the desire for amusement, agencies of a doubtful character will secure the time and interest of the young people and their affections will be forever alienated from the church-home and its associations; and also, to prevent the absorption by young minds of thoughts from bad literature, the Church has made partial provision for good strong books that are true literature, to take the place of the older style of 'goody-goody' Sunday-school books."—*Institutional Ethics*, pages 265, 266.



LATEST PICTURE OF MARIETTA KIES.

While teaching at Butler College, University of Indiana, 1898.





## Marietta Kies.—A Memory.

PROF. GEORGIANA HODGKINS.



IT is with a timid hand that I undertake to draw a likeness that I may hold up to the world and say, "This is my friend." But the picture is to one so fair, as it lies in memory, that, lest it should be lost, duty counsels the attempt, and love impels. And if, when it is done, others beholding say, "It is not she," let the failure be charged not to a false impression, but to lack of skill to reproduce the true one.

It was in the fall of '88 that I first came to know Miss Kies. I had returned to my Alma Mater, a teacher of small experience to take up a new work on the old ground, and during the first term, through the working of a good Providence, there came to me the rare privilege of knowing her in the intimate relation of a roommate.

She returned, I remember, somewhat late in the opening term, from special work at Michigan University, where she was studying for her Master's degree, and the rumor of her profound scholarship and unusual mental attainments had come to me from various sources. I recall yet my secret anxiety on learning of the arrangements that had been made for us, lest she should feel disappointment at the fate that bound her to a stranger and, perhaps, betray

### Marietta Kies.—A Memory

it. I speak of it now, because this image of her that I had conjured out of an alarmed imagination was so ludicrously false. Nothing could be so foreign to her nature and her habit as this thing that I had feared. I had yet to learn that for her to feel annoyance over so trifling a circumstance would have been impossible, much more to manifest it.

She was then moving towards the summer of her intellectual growth. Mt. Holyoke and the Concord School of Philosophy and Ann Arbor and the years at Colorado College, with all that they had brought of mental stimulus and soul-quickenings, lay behind her. She was entering into that higher plane of life and thought for which all this had fitted her. I am glad I knew her then, while yet the impulse of growth was strong upon her, before the summit of attainment had been touched, while the outlook was all forward—I am glad that then it was permitted that she should enter into my life, to that life's eternal enriching.

It is still a vivid memory the way she met me, when somewhat timidly I entered her presence: the gracious poise; the little smile running through her eyes without once touching her lips; that smile I came to know so well—the sympathetic recognition of another's personality and rights, as flattering as rare; it all made its impression of large comfort and warm humanity, which, though added to from time to time, was never changed.

### Marietta Ries.—A Memory

It is given to the strong personality to stamp itself indelibly on plastic character. This gift was hers to a marked degree. No one ever came under her instruction without receiving in some measure the mark of her mentality. Not that she forced her opinions. No one was so tolerant of the opinion of another; no one so eager to get that opinion into the form of its best expression—but, in the face of her wide sympathies and lack of prejudice, narrowness became petty and intolerance narrow, and the outlook changed imperceptibly, unconsciously, but none the less absolutely, until the old horizon bounded no longer, and the student came into a broader view as his natural inheritance.

In all my intercourse with her I never found her impatient of ignorance nor intolerant of prejudice in another. She met them always openly, sometimes humorously, often seriously, never hotly. Where she found herself opposed either to statement or principle, she never left a doubt as to her own position, but formulated it with a frank fearlessness that was, in its very knightliness, at once the despair of those more given to temporizing and their admiration. A lover of the truth, a speaker and a doer of it, she made no compromise with falsehood, and at every touch the sterling metal of her character rang true.

I never knew her to do an underhanded thing nor stoop to a base one. In the wearing intimacy of boarding-

### Marietta Kies.—A Memory

school life, which, more limited in its relations than the outside life, lends itself perhaps the more easily to petty intrigues and small individual ambitions, she never pushed a weak one to the wall to further her own ends, nor strove to gain an object by policy. The common weaknesses of women were not hers. She dwelt above them in an atmosphere of her own; and when she found us stifled with the dust of the day's labor, and fretted with the grinding of unoiled wheels and the grating jar of conflict, she looked down at us with tender, smiling eyes and suddenly a free wind blew, and the horizon widened, and we found ourselves with her upon the hill-tops.

To her, as to no other that I have known, is applicable the tribute that Lowell paid to Agassiz:—

“He had a habitude of mountain air,  
He brought wide outlook where he went,  
And could on sunny uplands dwell.”

It is much to be able to say in an age of individualism where the “survival of the fittest” is the ruling law, “I have known one who never betrayed the weakness of another, never ground the down-trodden under foot, nor made merit to herself out of the failure of a neighbor.” She was a dealer of justice. She loved fair play.

Her coming was always an uplift. Unkind thoughts and mean ambitions and degrading despair died in her presence, and in their place sprang lofty purposes and the

### Marietta Ries.—A Memory

high hope that is accomplishment. Humanity's follies and ignorance and sins found in her a generous forbearance, not unlike that with which the All-kind deals with the frailties of his erring; and there was yet another quality that had in it something of kinship with the Divine—I mean the serenity with which having sown her seed she could await the harvest. Hers was a comforting presence. She called out the best in thought and word. There was no room in her presence for idle gossip, and the worse than idle discussions by means of which too many of us "take up a reproach against our neighbor." Her own habit of thought was generous and lofty, and other minds felt it and woke to their best in her companionship.

I have seen a river move with majestic sweep towards its outlet, gathering volume and grandeur as it rolled, nourishing a fruitful valley with its beneficence, and adding new glories to morning and evening splendor, yet unforgetful of the harebells that grew upon its banks. Her life was like that. No feeblest creature that touched it was unblest. As the stream of Ezekiel's vision it issued from the door of the temple, and brought health whithersoever it came.

Who of her pupils can ever forget the current of the altruistic impulse that moved them when she repeated those words so manifestly the expression of her own principle of action: "My good reflected from all human-



### Marietta Kies.—A Memory

ity. My good after their good and through their good, not my good before their good and instead of their good"? I have known other students of philosophy and teachers of it. I never knew one who lived it as did she. Nothing could shake her faith in God or humanity, nothing could move her spirit from its judicious calm. No one was more generous to find excuse for weakness, more ready to shield the ignorant from the result of blunder. Hypocrisy alone called out in her an undying hatred; for the rest she had hope and a quick forgiveness.

This is as I knew her in the three years at Mt. Holyoke and later at Mills College through an experience peculiarly trying to a justice-loving nature. After that she passed beyond my immediate ken, into the strenuous student life at Zurich and Leipsic, into the later labors at Plymouth, Mass., and Irvington, Ind., into the shadow of the last great event, and now again, beyond.

Her mental gifts were of an unusual kind. There seemed no intricate reasoning that she could not follow and join in the pursuit. Her sense was quick for the detection of weakness in an opponent's argument. She had her standard with her, and measured statements with an unerring swiftness that was baffling to one less ready. I recall one scene that is to me peculiarly illustrative of this ability. It was at a meeting of the Philosophical Union held in Prof. Howison's lecture-room at the University of California. As a follower of Hegel, and a



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pupil of Dr. William T. Harris, she had been called upon by this Unitarian Professor to explain the position of her teachers on some of the more vital points of the Hegelian system. She stood alone—the majority of those present being Prof. Howison's own pupils and therefore naturally of his philosophical bent. And there for a long session she met and parried their attack, answering, explaining, defining, illustrating as composedly as if she had been in her own class-room. As I recall it, no other woman took part in the discussion, but men with a professional training behind them, legal, scientific, philosophic—some of the keenest intellects in San Francisco and Oakland.

I see her yet as she stood there under the lamplight, her gold-bronze hair a gleam, her dark eyes glowing, her strongly yet delicately featured face alight with the fire of a roused mentality. It was a supreme moment. The city papers of the following day referred to her as "a Modern Hypatia," and spoke in warm terms of her incomparable defense. It is an incident that serves in a measure to illustrate the thoroughness of her training, and the degree of development to which her exceptional intellectual gifts had been brought.

But even the possession of superior mental endowments would fail to account for the immense amount of work that in her brief time she had accomplished, had it not been for another quality that she encouraged in

### Marietta Kies.—A Memory

herself—Method. She planned her day's work and, so far as it lay with herself, adhered to the plan. At a certain hour she took up a certain duty, and moved evenly on in her sphere of action, never too early and never too late for the appointed task. It was her theory that more nervous energy was wasted in the effort to do without planning than the entire day's work required, and certainly the results bore out her statement, for she was always master of her duty. It never drove her. There was no visible effort, no hurry, no sign of fatigue. The wheels were well oiled, and moved smoothly, losing nothing of their efficiency through friction, and the amount accomplished was simply prodigious. Yet in all this method there was nothing apparent of the cast-iron rigidity that might seem to be implied. If interruptions came from the outside, they were not merely accepted uncomplainingly, they were welcomed as a part of a higher plan than her own, and her own work as such was cheerfully laid aside to give place to a more urgent need. This recognition of herself as an instrument in a higher plan, and her reverent attitude towards its revelation, made her life a unique example, as rare as it was beautiful.

After all, the great are close of kin. These qualities that I saw in her belong to them all. They are the family traits by which we trace those of one blood through the generations. It is not strange then that she should have been found so free to give. The storehouse of her

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knowledge, as of her experience, was open to any chance inquirer. She had gathered not to hoard, but to give out. Others sought for her advice and help, and it was always ready.

I never saw her when she seemed to be in need of help, or to be in any sense dependent on another. Her struggles, if she had them, were in secret. Her trials were met steadfastly and alone, so far as human help availed. She never brought them forth to burden others.

It may well be that when physical infirmity grew on her at the last, she turned to human sympathy for comfort—I do not know—but as I knew her she was a strong support amid a world of leaners. And so I must always think of her; and yet there was nothing briery nor aggressive in her independence, it was helpful, modest and loving.

With all the rest, she had the saving sense of humor. She was not one to create fun, but she had that ready appreciation that inspires it, and her enjoyment of it was good to see. Her voice is even now in my ears, with its peculiarly repressive note, as if she dared not trust herself to the full soul-expression that unrestrained cadence gives. I hear it rising now to an earnest insistence as she touched a serious theme, or dropping to the playful, tender, soothing tones of intimacy. Her voice is with me, and she is gone. How poor the world is for that going!

### Marietta Kies.—A Memory

And yet, do I dare say that in the face of her own instruction? "How shall we set a limit," she would say, "to the power of our own spirits when, once freed from the hindering limitations of the flesh, they are at liberty to move whither the spirit wills? Who can tell what they may accomplish then of all they failed of, for it is spirit not flesh that reigns."

May that not account for the strong, steady sense that, even while the throat aches and the eyes are dim with tears, comes with its strange uplift as I think of her? For she less than any other that has entered into the mystery seems dead. Dead! That word of her? That even, serene life has not ended. It is going on. The freed spirit, flesh at last slipped off, whispers of immortality.

There is no room to doubt of her submission to the voice that called her from the work for which she was supremely fitted. It is we who complain of wasted material in a world where good material is so sadly lacking; it is we who rebel at this lavish spilling of the costly spikenard, at the loss of good wine poured upon the ground. In the economy of an all-seeing Providence, she recognized no waste. Whether the call came now or then, she accepted it as the appointed time. Her will made its heroic struggle through these final years against the infirmities of the flesh, not against the divine ordaining; and when the inevitable moment dawned it was not

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doom for her, it was promotion, appointment, opportunity. The very thought of her attitude towards the unknown as it approached is a reproach to our faithless resistance now in the shadow of our cross.

There was no room for the possibility of mistake in God's Providence for her. I have heard her repeat with a smiling serenity that was in itself a reproof to human restlessness and impatience—

“Nor time, nor tide, nor wind, nor fate  
Can keep my own away from me.”

Such certitude of faith I have never seen. She had fairly entered into the promise “Ye have those things for which ye ask.” There was no clamoring at the throne of God's bounty for the carrying out of her own will. She laid her heart open with her desires, and was not blind to the answer if it came in some unlooked-for form. “Do thou for me” seemed the language by which her life spoke to God. It was given to her as I believe it has been given to few to enter into His thought for herself and for the world.

“This was she to me and more—  
That more that words strive to express  
And break in striving. That more  
That makes the heart ache with the loss  
Of all that is included in the cry  
‘My friend’ uttered above a grave.”

I am loth to put the finishing touches to the picture. It is like taking a last look at a loved face. We cannot



### Marietta Ries.—A Memory

signify "it is enough" and turn away. Some one else must lay the compelling hand upon us. Another must shut the cover down. But while we wait above her recently closed grave into the lonely silence of a world from which she has departed drops the flute note of her inspiring life message—*My good after their good and through their good, not my good before their good and instead of their good*, and grief itself is lost in this call to action. So, I believe, it would seem good to her.



This Memorial is published under the auspices of a committee of ladies, personal friends and townswomen of the late Dr. Kies, its publication being made possible by the generosity of her relative and friend, Mr. Edwin W. Davis, of Pueblo, Colorado, whose modesty led him to insist that his name should not appear in any way in connection with it.

The Committee, after allowing all other references to him to be expunged, print this note wholly without his knowledge, as a matter of simple justice to such modest generosity, and of common interest to the many friends of the deceased.

S. S. Mathews, *Compiler.*

Westfield Congregational Parsonage,  
Danielson, Connecticut, June 2, 1900.















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